"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE TRIALS OF MICHEL ANDRE.

BY BEATRICE A. JOURDAN.

YES, sir, I am Michel André, at your service. You didn't expect to hear me speak English so fluently? Well, I ought to have learnt it by this time, I am sure. I came over here in 1694, nigh upon thirty years ago now, and since then I have associated almost entirely with your country folk. Among my own people who have settled in this land I have neither kith nor kin; my relations, if I have any yet remaining, are all in the southern part of France. Nevertheless, I do dearly love to hear the sound of my native tongue, and it was a sore trial to me when I was in a manner expelled from a French congregation in Spitalfields, to which I had joined myself. The good pastor would needs question me something closely concerning the articles of my faith, and not being satisfied thereby, he warned his flock against me, declaring my latter end not worthy of my beginning. You see, sir, I have pondered much and suffered much, and I dare not set limits—as many do—to the Divine mercy, nor say how far that mercy may not extend. Herein consists my heresy, if you can understand. I beg pardon, sir, I'd gone off, I believe into a dream; the children hereabouts—I'm exceeding fond of children—will have it that I dream with my eyes open, and perhaps I do. Anyhow, I didn't quite catch what you were saying. You were talking of the martyrs, I think? Aye, they are indeed a noble army, but when one thinks of their singular graces and virtues one might, mayhap, feel discouraged, were it not for the blessed assurance that there is a place in Heaven, not for them only and for such as them, but for poor simple folk who have been faithful over their one talent; yes, and for the sinner that repenteth, too, the sinner that repenteth. You think you cannot have heard my story aright, and that I am not the person you took me for? I don't know what makes you fancy so, but of course 'tis very likely. I wonder whether we are, any of us, altogether and entirely the people that other folks take us to be, or that we take ourselves to be? But that was not your meaning, I know; though you'll excuse me, won't you, for my little jest? Now, when I was young I always felt that my father never understood me quite. I was his only child, and it grieved him much that I should so ill resemble him. Though himself a Huguenot pastor, he greatly delighted in everything that was warlike, and was not only ready at all times to wage fierce battle with his tongue and pen, but, had it been possible, he would willingly have wielded a two-edged sword against the idolaters, as he called them, by whom we were surrounded. In my early days, before the times of persecution came, and when Catholics and Huguenots dwelt peaceably side by side, it angered him greatly to find me making friends among the farmers; and he would sometimes declare that I had in me so little sense and spirit that I ought to have been a girl and not a boy. Nevertheless, as I grew up he desired that I should become a minister of the Word, and should assist him in the charge of his congregation. I scarce thought myself worthy of so holy an office, and never shall forget the misery I suffered when I stood up for the first time in my father's pulpit. Not being eloquent, but slow of speech, I had learnt my discourse by rote, but alas! a fly buzzing round me did distract my attention, and scarce had I commenced preaching when my words began to slip from me one by one. I caught up the broken thread here and there, and tried to join it, but 'twas sorry work, sir,

and at last I halted breathless, feeling myself covered with shame and confusion. Below me sat my father stern and terrible, and I on coming down from the pulpit, and meeting my dear mother's tearful eyes, would have given the world to have run away and cry like a little child. Silently and sadly we passed out of church, but soon a light step was heard behind us, and I, glancing round, met the bright eyes of Marie Rousselle. Scarce responding to my bashful greeting, she whispered something to my mother, which she, turning towards my father, immediately repeated, "Marie desires to know," said she, "where Michel picked up that pretty story that he introduced into his sermon. She thought he told it so remarkably well!" 'Twas the story, sir, of your Sir Philip Sydney yielding the cup of cold water, which had been brought to him, to the poor soldier who lay dying by his side; and I fear—I fear—Marie had heard that tale before, so she was very artful in now commending it! However, the bait took, for my good father began straightway to doubt whether by my preaching I had after all so utterly disgraced myself and him. He held Marie's judgment in higher esteem than that of any other woman, respecting it all the more perhaps because she possessed an amazing memory for his discourses, and was to his teachings most docile, delighting to discourse with him on that which he called, "the deeper matters of our faith," meaning thereby predestination, original sin, and the like. That she should have found aught to praise in what I had said rendered him better contented with me, while I, sir—I before had loved her—but from that moment I felt as if I would go through fire and water if only at last I might hope for the joy of making her my wife.

Who was Marie did you say? I forgot I had not told you, sir. She was an orphan, living with a grandfather who was old, blind, and imbecile. She had many suitors, but having no one to control would hearken to none of them until I, emboldened by her defence (if I so may call it) of my sermon, ventured to tell her that I loved her, and then she *did* hearken to me. Only she declared that she would never marry while her grandfather lived and needed her whole care, and how could I, loving her as I did, seek so much as by a word to turn her aside from that which she regarded as her duty? My father died before our troubles came, the terrible persecutions, I mean, which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He had heard merely some distant mutterings of the storm which was afterwards to break in fury over our heads. On his death I succeeded him in his pastorship, and despite my stammering tongue, my flock, for his sake, loved me well. But times were changing now for us poor Huguenots, our rights as citizens began by degrees to be taken from us, soldiers, to oppress us, were quartered in our dwellings, and our churches were ordered to be closed. No time was this to think of marrying, sir; and yet if we had been married—but no, 'twas not to be—He orders all things well. One evening Marie, pale and agitated, ran into the cottage where I dwelt with my widowed mother. Her grandfather that morning had died, and she came to tell us the news, which, as the old man's senses had long departed, could not appear to us as grievous. "You are free now, Marie," I whispered. She reddened, and nodded her head. "But," I continued, "how can I ask you to marry me when it will only add to your danger?" My mother looked up quickly. "Ah," said she, very dolefully, "Good Pastor Ragon has been apprehended and thrown into prison; 'twill be Michel's turn next, I know it will." "Unless he flies," said Marie eagerly." "Flies—where and how?" "The Lemâitres are gone, and the Pourades; oh, and many, many others besides; why should not he go, and you too, Madame André—and take me with you if you will. Why should we stay here to be miserable?" "Why indeed?" said I, "if we had but the money! But where would you propose going?" "Across the frontier to Switzerland. 'Tis a long journey, and a perilous one; still, if we stay here, what have we before us but imprisonment and perhaps death! Oh, Michel, let us fly—let us fly! As for the money, I will supply it; I can now." She then, with many blushes, confessed that her grandfather had in reality been a great miser, and that a few months before she had discovered behind some worm-eaten wainscoating a hoard of gold and silver which she had resolved to leave untouched until his death, when it would be hers by right, she being his sole de-

scendant. "Forgive me for not having told you about it before," she said; "I thought it well not to raise in you hopes that might never be fulfilled. But now that the money is mine, it is yours—all yours, and your good mother's." I pressed my hand to my forehead like one dazzled with sudden light; the thought of freedom, marriage, and a happy home in Switzerland was well nigh as much as I could bear. "Shall we fly?" said Marie. "Ah, yes, yes, you approve I see; but what says Madame André?" My good mother declared that she would accompany us to the world's end; and, almost beside ourselves with joy (for 'twas settled betwixt us that if we reached Switzerland in safety we should at once be married), we fell to talking over our plans. Soon we decided that immediately after the funeral, Marie should depart for Lyons—a journey of fourteen leagues—taking with her my mother as a companion. At Lyons she had some cousins living, whom it might be supposed she was going to visit, so that her departure would not excite surprise among her neighbours. I was to remain behind for a day or two, and then, flying secretly and by night, was to join my mother and my betrothed, after which we were to press on with all speed to Geneva. "And when there," I said, pressing Marie's hand, "we shall be happy; safe, too, from the temptation to deny our faith." "Nothing would ever make me deny it!" she cried. "I know that, I doubted only mine own strength. But, Marie, when will you set out on your journey? For myself, I cannot depart, I fear, till Sunday night." "Not till then—and the funeral takes place the day after to-morrow? Why such delay? Michel, have you no care for your own safety? do you prefer after all to stay in this wicked land, which, as your father prophesied, will soon be wholly given to idolatry! Michel, you know I would not take you away if—if—." I interrupted her, saying that I did most vehemently desire to fly, but that my flock had claims upon me; and that, though they had often counselled me to fly, I could not go without bidding them farewell. Whereupon a contention arose between us, my mother taking part against me. "Had your flock been large," said she; "had it been as it was in your father's lifetime, then you would perhaps be right to stay; but now it numbers but twenty people! Why sacrifice yourself for so few?" "Nay," I replied, "shall I not honour them all the more, my mother, because they are few? They have kept true to me, and to their faith when so many have deserted, and on this account they merit from me the more respect." "Let him be—let him be!" cried Marie a little impatiently; "he loves his flock more than me—or you!" But no sooner had she spoken these words than her countenance changed, for she saw that she had pained me. "Forgive me!" she said, "you are right—quite right; and after all 'tis but a day's delay; we will start on Friday instead of Saturday, as I at first proposed, and you on Sunday night will follow us. Doubtless, by preaching once again you put yourself in danger; but so it must be." After this, sir, my dear Marie said never a word to shake me from my resolve; and when on Friday she departed with my mother in the wagon that was to convey them to Lyons, her last smile was very radiant. "*Au revoir*, Michel," she whispered; and as long as the wagon remained in sight she stood up in it, waving to me her adieu. Sunday came, and I for the last time ministered to my people. There were not more than fifteen gathered together in the large bare church, for by assembling at all we defied the law, and so did render ourselves liable to grievous pains and penalties. Heaven forgive me! My thoughts were so much with Marie that my prayer that day was a poor mockery, and so for a while was my preaching, until in the very midst of my distress for mine own spiritual dulness (for it did distress me greatly, sir) there came across me the words, "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak," and after that I acquitted myself better. Leaving the subject I had chosen, I began to speak of God's patience with our infirmities as manifested in His Son, and, as I thus discoursed, the dull faces below me brightened, and eyes were fastened upon me as they never I think had fixed themselves before. But oh, sir! I suddenly became aware of a stir—a bustle in the little congregation. A woman shrieked, and three or four men ran to the door to see if it was fast closed. Then I knew that outside there was a noise as of the trampling of horses' feet, and through the building the cry rang, "The dragoons are coming! the

dragoons are coming!" I understood quite well what that wild cry meant, but preached on and on, even while the soldiers were battering at the door. Soon it was broken down with a loud crash, and the church was filled with armed men. In descending from the pulpit, round which some frightened women were clinging, I received a violent blow on the head, and knew no more till I found myself out in the open air, in the charge of two soldiers, who were bearing me away to prison. Of my poor flock some were imprisoned, others suffered to escape; but I, as chief offender, was thrust into a miserable cell, chill and noisome, and lighted only by a grated window six feet from the ground.

No, sir, no, I was not a saint or hero; you forget that. Saints would have sung their songs in the night; but, as for me, I was terribly cast down. For a time I could scarce even feel God's presence, and could only say, like the prophet of old, "O, Hope of Israel, Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why should'st thou be a stranger in the land?" Yet did I never utterly despair; how could I when I remembered him who died upon the cross, and did himself once say, "Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Did I hear aught of Marie, do you ask? Once, sir; once only. She had reached Lyons in safety, and from thence did, by some means, contrive to send me a letter, announcing to me that my good mother had been taken away from the evil to come. She had died rather suddenly of a disease from which she had suffered long, and with her last breath she sent me her blessing. As for herself, Marie said she was living in daily expectation of being cast into prison, but being closely watched, it was impossible for her to think of flight; and she was quite resigned to her fate, nay, gloried in the belief that she would be called upon to suffer for the truth's sake. Then, as if she doubted my firmness, she—in words most tender and touching—exhorted me to be faithful even to the end. I had no means of answering her, and this to me was very grievous; but I blessed her inwardly for her counsel, which, in truth, greatly strengthened me. Was I asked whether I would renounce my faith? Oh, yes, sir, many times; but as I remained obstinate, I, after lying eighteen months in prison, was sent to the arsenal at Marseilles, there to work as a galley slave. For six years I endured this cruel bondage, and I should, I believe, have died at the oar, had it not been for a fellow-captive—a Huguenot like myself—who devised a plan for escape, in which he persuaded me to join him. Strange to say, we succeeded in our attempt, though we had to pass through perils innumerable. For awhile we wandered about in the open country, living almost like wild beasts, and then, when all likelihood of pursuit was over, we parted asunder; he, I have reason to believe, got on board a vessel that carried him safely to Italy; and I, donning the disguise of a beggar (a beggar, in truth, I was), set off with a wallet on my back to find my way as best I could to Lyons, whither my great love for Marie did, like a loadstone, draw me. It was a weary journey—a weary, weary, journey, but I accomplished it at last; though, when the fair town began in the distance to display itself before me, the hope which hitherto had sustained me seemed to fade away, and I felt like one who has been following an ignis-fatuus—a Will-o'-the-Wisp—as I think you call it. How was it likely, I asked myself, that I should be able to find out my Marie? Unless she had fled the country, the hard fate which she had expected had, without doubt, befallen her, and she, like many another faithful woman, was lying imprisoned within the walls of a convent. Nevertheless, I was so desirous to glean tidings of her, however scanty, that I boldly entered the town, trusting that my long beard, my tatters, and my one blind eye (I had lost an eye through exposure to the cold in prison, sir), would sufficiently disguise me, even if any of my old townsfolk should by chance have come to Lyons. No, sir, I was not recognised, neither then nor afterwards, and soon I had the happiness to fall in with some worthy Huguenots, who, protected by their own poverty from persecution, did, on learning my name, very generously give me such food and shelter as they could afford. I ceased not, as you may believe, to make inquiries about one Mademoiselle Rousselle, as I called my Marie; and at length some news reached me, which I declared very stoutly I would not believe, though I felt all the while as if the teller of it had inflicted on me a prick like that of a pin, and had

dropped a little poison therein, knowing it would hereafter work deadly mischief in my frame.

To test the truth or falsehood of this self-same piece of news, I one morning seated myself, as I was advised, among a little knot of beggars who, according to their wont, were asking alms on the steps of the cathedral. 'Twas a grand day among the Catholics—the Feast of the Assumption, as 'tis called, of the Virgin Mary—and at high mass the cathedral was crowded. Mass had begun when a lady passed me, walking quickly, as if fearing she should be late. She did not look at me, but I saw that she gathered around her her silken skirt, lest haply it should touch me—the beggar at her feet. Sir, that lady was Marie! No cry escaped my lips, but I very quietly crept after her as far as the cathedral porch, and there I sat me down in the deep shade. Outside was the bright sunshine, and before me a singular old carving representing the sheep and goats on the right and left-hand of the King; but I saw all these things as in a dream, and heard, too, as in a dream, the chanting of the priests, though I did just wonder how it sounded in *her* ears. I knew now that what I had heard of her was true, that she who had been so sure of her own strength, had renounced the faith which she had often declared was more precious to her than life, and that her present worship was naught but a mockery; for I did not think it possible, sir, that she, in her secret heart, was indeed a Catholic. I waited till mass was over, and then I saw her again. I saw her dip her finger in holy water and cross herself with all seeming devoutness; and, worse than that, I perceived that she was, or feigned to be, exceeding gay. She was talking eagerly with some friends of hers, and laughing loudly too; but her laugh appeared to me a little hard, not like my own Marie's! Nay, sir, you must not blame her; she did not recognise me, and I suffered her to pass on, saying nothing. If she had been true to her faith I could have borne, I think, that she should have forgotten me; but as it was—as it was—I had set her up as an idol in my heart and worshipped her, but my idol was shattered now, and it never could be placed on its pedestal again! I felt this as I toiled back to my lodging, seeing naught before me save the old carving of the sheep and the goats. Sir, have you ever known what it was to fear that one very dear to you—one whose piety you had haply highly esteemed—might, when weighed in the balance at the Great Account, be found wanting? If so, you have been indeed in the dark waters, even as I was on that fair August day.

I hardly know how it was, but I tarried on still at Lyons, as though bound by some mystic spell. Yet it was little pleasure for me to be near Marie, when in spirit we were, as I supposed, so far asunder. She dwelt, I discovered, with some cousins of hers—worthy women enough, and bearing the repute of being devout Catholics. They generally accompanied her in her walks, and therefore I was hindered from addressing her, which otherwise I might have attempted to do. Once, while crossing a bridge—there are many bridges in Lyons, sir—I came upon her suddenly; our eyes met, and I think she uttered a cry; but, having no mind to bring her into trouble, I turned away my head, and feigned to be gazing intently at the swift flowing waters of the Rhone. When I looked towards her again she and her companions were passing out of sight. About six weeks later, on a chill autumn evening, when the rain fell and the wind made rough sport with the fallen leaves, I, returning home from a little work which I had procured from a notary's, saw a woman weeping bitterly outside a house, from which she had, as it seemed, been inhospitably expelled. She was much muffled up about the head; but no disguise could, I verily believe, have hidden her from my eyes. I knew that she was Marie Rousselle. Her tears did wash from my heart all the bitterness against her that had been lurking there; but while, for very tenderness, I was doubting whether to speak to her, she, stooping suddenly, picked up a great stone that was lying in the pathway, and, holding it in her hand, fled down the street, stopping before an old gateway that led, I think, to a Dominican convent. In a niche below the entrance stood an image of the Virgin; and I, suddenly divining Marie's purpose, ran after her, caught hold of her arm, which she was raising in the air. "Let me go!" she cried, struggling violently; "let me go, I tell you." I

made no answer, but wrenched from her the stone which she was trying to conceal in her hand. "'Tis mine, 'tis mine!" she said, speaking like one distracted; "I was going to throw it at that—that idol there, do you see? Now, go and tell against me to whom you will." "Tell against you! — I, Marie?" "What, Michel, is it you?" she cried, turning round, and raising her eyes to my face. "Hush!" I said, looking down the street; "be quiet, pray, and let me take you home. No one, happily, has seen you except me." "Ah, but I would have them see me," she said. "I saw a man was watching me, and thought — oh, that it should have been you!" "Are you sorry to see me?" I asked. "I do not know," she answered; and, indeed, there was neither joy nor grief in her tone. "You do not know? oh, Marie!" "Michel," she said, a little impatiently, "you had better leave me — better go away." "Never!" I cried, for I saw she was looking about her for the stone which I had hidden very carefully in my loose sleeve. "Marie, are you mad? Why should you wish to injure that image?" "It is but an idol," she said. "Do you worship idols now?—perhaps you do." "Marie, be reasonable. Even if it be what you call an idol, did the apostles go about breaking graven images at Ephesus or Athens?" She was fain to answer "No." I, soothing her as best I could, did, after a while, prevail upon her to suffer me to attend her home. The rain still fell, and the wind blew, and we walked silent, side by side, as if we had been two strangers. At length, somewhat hurt, I said, "Marie, have you heard nought about me all these years?" "Till I saw you on the bridge," she replied, "I thought you were dead, Michel. You have suffered persecution, I know, like me. I was in prison once. Oh! did you, too, get free by renouncing your faith?" It verily pained me to answer—"No," for I could not bear to seem as if I were setting myself above her. So I hastened to add, "I escaped from the galleys, and therefore have no cause for boasting." "The galleys! Ah, but if you were sent to the galleys at all you must needs have been faithful — not like me, not like me! Michel, I for five years have been living a life of deceit, of hypocrisy. Hate me if you will! You cannot hate me as I hate myself." "Hate you! when I love you more than my life. But, Marie, you are shivering with cold. Why did you come abroad this evening?" "Why? I have been to the priest, my *confessor*, Michel, to tell him I, in my heart, was still a heretic." I seized her cold hand, and pressed it in mine, feeling ready to weep for joy, though with that joy some remorse was mingled, since I knew now that I had judged her wrongfully. "Marie, you are good and noble!" I said. "I—ah! no. But what am I to do? The priest shut his door against me, for he will have it that I am out of my mind, and my cousins say the same."

To be continued.

LUTHER'S SNOW SONG.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside:—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said:

"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that

they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them.

They sent him to school, and afterwards he entered a monastery. There he found a Bible, which he read, and learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news—"Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street-singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.

The following is the whole of the song which Luther sung on that memorable night :—

Lord of Heaven! Lone and sad,
I would lift my heart to Thee;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me.
I shall neither faint nor die
While I walk beneath Thine eye.

I will stay my faith on Thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour Master leads;
He will give me daily bread.
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—
He will feed me from His store.

Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest.
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is here.

If I live He'll be with me;
If I die to Him I go,
He'll not leave me, I will trust Him,
And my heart no fear shall know,
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely.

A FINE THOUGHT.

I THINK Heaven will not shut for evermore,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated wanderer should come,
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on his face that soul shall live.
I think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any, afar off, turn to the light;
That He who loved us into life must be
A father infinitely Fatherly,
And, groping for Him, these shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight, into day.

GERALD MASSEY.

SAGE COUNSEL.

A MINISTER, somewhat in years, a while ago sent the following quaint epistle to a younger brother in the ministry. It may be good for others :—

DEAR BROTHER,—I sometimes write to young men because they are strong. Remember—

1. That human happiness, like Hebrew verbs, has no present tense.

2. That human friendship, like glass, is easily broken; not easily mended.

3. When you know not what to do, never do you know not what.

4. Never covet high places, where 'tis difficult to stand and dangerous to fall. We never find the Saviour on the pinnacle of the temple but once. What company had he there?

5. Be no respecter of great personages as such. Remember, the figure 9, though the highest number, owes its consequence not to its head, but to its curved appendage. Without that it would be 0.

6. Desire no rapid growth. When the clock has struck twelve it does not strike 13 next. The full moon grows no larger.

7. Be not over hasty to combat public opinion without pressing reason. He that spits against the wind spits in his own face.

8. Never scare off a fly with a club when a feather will do as well, and remember that you can take more flies with a gill of molasses than with a gallon of vinegar.

9. Avoid debt. He that pays down will not be called to pay up.

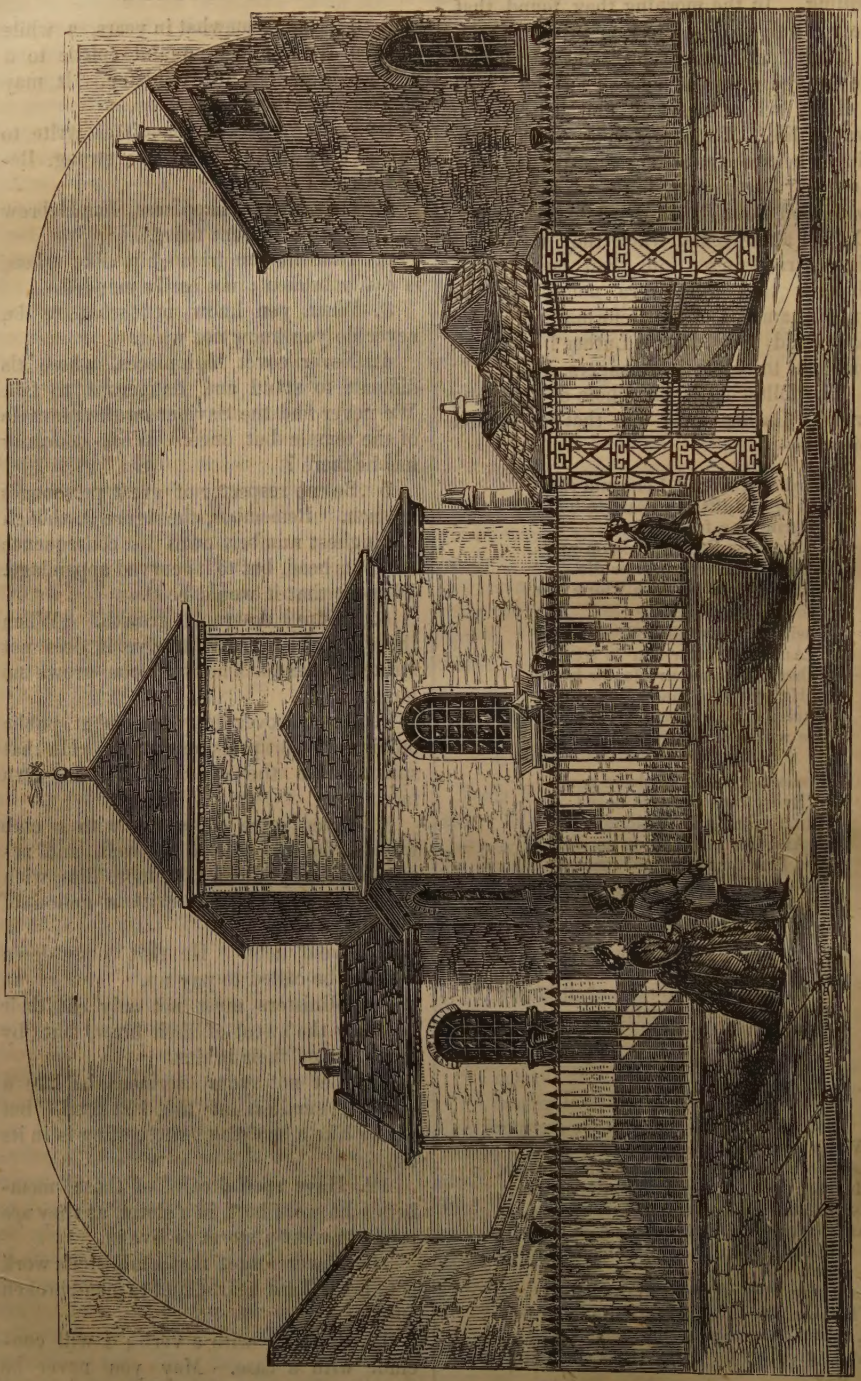
10. Ministers must not only eat their bread by the sweat of their brow, but by the sweat of their brains.

11. Let not your sermons be like a serpent, smallest at the last end, but rather like a scorpion, whose sting is in its tail.

12. Have special care of those members who were born in a storm, as they are prone to want a storm to live in.

13. Never forget that a minister's work is to break hard hearts, and to mend broken ones.

14. I began with a verb; I will conclude with a case. May you never be found in the accusative and never come out in the vocative.



ST. SAVIOURGATE, YORK.

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The Rev. John Kenrick, in his memorials of the Presbyterian Chapel, St. Saviourgate, York, says, this congregation was formed in 1672, and had for its pastor Mr. Ralph Ward, who had been chaplain to Sir John Hewley, and, it appears, had suffered imprisonment for his fealty to conscience. "During the continuance of the penal laws the worship of the Nonconformists had been carried on by stealth and amidst discomfort and alarm. In York, doubtless, the upper chamber of Sir John Hewley's house would be furnished with the necessary appliances and means for the decent and quiet performance of worship, and his social position would protect him from rude interruptions. But other assemblies were held here under less favourable circumstances. Tradition speaks of small lofts used for this purpose, and trap doors provided for the escape of the minister if an informer made his appearance. It is probable that the choice of St. Saviourgate as the locality of the chapel had been determined by its vicinity to the town residence of Sir John and Lady Hewley." It is unnecessary to say that this was the Lady Hewley who left so large a property for the benefit of "poor and godly preachers of Christ's Holy Gospel," which was the cause of litigation a few years ago. In the vestry of St. Saviourgate are two pleasing portraits of Sir John and his lady. The minister, Mr. Ward, died in 1691, while this chapel was in course of erection, and in 1692 Dr. Colton was ordained to the ministry by Oliver Heywood. "The new chapel was opened in April, 1693. In the registry of the sessions book at York, held April 8, 1693, it is described as 'a house built in St. Saviourgate,' and is 'allowed as a meeting place for their Majesties' Dissenting subjects.' In the original trust deed they are designated as Presbyterians, a name which remained in use till a late period, and which has always been preserved as its designation in all legal documents. The form of the chapel is peculiar, that of a Greek cross; the pulpit was fixed on one of the angles, and the end appropriated to the administration of the Lord's Supper. With slight exceptions it remained till its recent metamorphosis (1859) just as it was when the first worshippers took their places in its pews, and the first communicants assembled round its table. Lady Hewley occupied a post of honour—a spacious pew directly fronting the pulpit; and her plainly-fashioned arm chair is still preserved in the vestry. The size of the chapel and the plainness of every part show that the congregation were not numerous or wealthy, and we find Lady Hewley lamenting in a letter to Lady Rokeby, before the conclusion of the century, 'that God had taken away several of the society; that those who uphold it are very old, weak, and infirm; that the Bishop (Sharpe) is a great Arminian, and there was great flocking to hear him.' Arminians were an object of dread and dislike to the Presbyterians of this age, and are often coupled with Socinians, as if little better. The massive wall, which till within a few years almost hid the chapel from the passers by, told of the apprehension of the founders that they might be the object of popular violence; an apprehension which was shown not to be groundless by what took place in 1715, when, according to Earl Stanhope, 'The mob, inflamed with zeal for their ecclesiastical establishment, and persuaded that its security would be very much promoted by pulling down Dissenters' meeting houses, assembled in great numbers for that object. Many buildings were destroyed and many sectarians insulted.' The same outrages had occurred in London during the trial of Sacheverel, but there is no record of their imitation in York. Very soon after the erection of separate places of worship the Nonconformists began the practice of interment in the adjoining ground, the only true consecration, to their minds, being proximity to the building to which they had 'walked in company' with their fellow-worshippers, and in which their religious life had been nourished. I have no means of ascertaining when the first interment took place in the St. Saviourgate burial ground; the last was on Sept. 3, 1858, when, by special permission from the Home Department, the graveyards in the city having been closed, the remains of Mr. Wellbeloved were deposited in the same grave with those of his second daughter and beside those of his wife."

Dr. Colton died in 1731, and the Rev. John Brooke came to York as minister, but died in 1735. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Root, who died in 1755. It would appear the congregation had had as

co-pastor with the above ministers the Rev. John Hotham, who died in 1756, in the 58th year of his ministry. The Rev Newcome Cappe was ordained in 1756, and soon became a Unitarian in the usual acceptation of the word. Mr. Cappe's ministry virtually terminated in 1792, when the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved came to York as his assistant, but he retained the office of pastor till his death, in 1800. Mr. Wellbeloved died in 1858, and was succeeded by his former pupil, the Rev. George Vance Smith. The ministry of those three gentlemen, Hotham, Cappe, and Wellbeloved, covers a period of 169 years.

THE TRINITY UNSCRIPTURAL.

BY FREDERIC A. FARLEY, D.D.

WHAT is this doctrine called the Trinity? According to the "Articles of Religion" of the Episcopal Church it is this: "In Unity of the Godhead there be three persons, of one substance, power, and eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

According to the "Confession" of the Presbyterian Church it is substantially the same, viz.: "In Unity of the Godhead there be three persons, of one substance, power, and eternity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost." In the "Larger Catechism" of this Church this statement is thus amplified: "There be three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one true, eternal God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory, although distinguished in their personal properties."

These statements may be taken without other citations as fair and just representations of the doctrine in question, as held by all prominent Protestant churches, as well as by the Greek and the Roman Catholic Churches.

This Trinity we declare to be unscriptural. In other words, we say it does not belong to the collection of writings which are known everywhere as the Holy Scriptures or the Holy Bible. It constitutes no part of what that sacred volume teaches. It belongs neither to the Old nor to the New Testament. And if this be so, it is the invention of men, a thing of mere tradition, or a conclusion of philosophic speculation, a dogma merely, utterly without claim or authority as part and parcel of Divine Revelation. As believers in Revealed Religion, in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we reject it, and protest against its being put forth and urged on the acceptance and faith of mankind as any portion of the teaching of that Gospel as unfolded in the Scriptures, much less an essential, cardinal, fundamental doctrine of Holy Writ.

Nothing can be plainer than that, if any doctrine be obvious on the very face of the Scriptures, wholly and entirely coincident, not only with their general drift and tenor, but with their most express and positive declarations, it is the doctrine of the strict, unqualified, undivided, indivisible unity or oneness of God; that He is One Person, one Being, one conscious, intelligent, active Essence, one and only one, all-perfect Deity. There is not a hint or intimation of anything else or different on those blessed pages. Upon this point the Bible could not be more distinct or emphatic. The Mosaic and the Christian dispensations are entirely at one here. Moses, under circumstances of peculiar solemnity, proclaimed to the chosen people: "Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord." And when the Christ was appealed to by the Scribe to point out "the first Commandment of all," his prompt and decisive answer was, in the very words of the Lawgiver, "Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord."

In perfect accord with this is the whole Scripture testimony. The idea of a plurality of persons in the Godhead, or of there being more than one God, never had its origin there. Of thirteen hundred texts of the New Testament in which the word God occurs, it has never been pretended that such a plurality is even implied except in a very few; while of the remaining the direct contrary is admitted to be true; while seventeen passages expressly describe Him as the One or Only God. It scarcely seems possible, had the sacred writers proposed to guard their readers against any other belief, or especially against that of a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, that they could have made their testimony on this point more expressive. Besides the passage above, from the Gospel of St. Mark, in which the Saviour so emphatically affirms the First Commandment, St. Paul, writing to the Corinthian Church,

reminds them that "there is none other God but one," and immediately adds, "For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many), yet to us—Christians—there is but one God." And, as if to make it the more plain whom he means, he says, "There [is but one God, the Father;" and still more, seemingly keeping in mind the very terms he had just before used ("gods" and "lords"), he says, "To us there is but one God, the Father, and one Lord, Jesus Christ." Then, in writing to the Church at Ephesus, he is just as explicit, declaring that "there is one God and Father of all, who is above all;" while, in his first epistle to Timothy, he says, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." Remember that, in perfect correspondence with this language of the Apostle, our Lord himself being addressed by the epithet "Good master," replied, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but One, that is, God!"

So plainly is the position taken in the Scriptures that God is one, strictly and only one. But, bearing in mind the doctrine of the Trinity, that "the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God," so that Trinitarians speak of and worship "God the Son," and "God the Holy Ghost," as well as "God the Father," we assert that the same Scriptures just as plainly teach that this one God is the Father, or, in other words, that the Father only is God. St. Paul's language quoted above is in point here also. But to John, the beloved Apostle, we are indebted for that most touching and remarkable prayer which our Lord offered just before his betrayal and crucifixion. If ever there was an hour or an occasion in which he must have spoken simply, unequivocally, in exact accordance with what he felt and knew, it was then and there. The hour was too sacred, the occasion too solemn, the supplicant too sincere to admit the supposition of anything else. And what did he say? Addressing in prayer the "Father," what did he say? "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Could any language be plainer, more intelligible, more explicit, to show that the very Christ himself believed and adored, and taught others to believe and adore, the Father, and the Father alone, as "the only true God?"

In this connection the frequency with which God is called or spoken of as "the Father" is to be noticed. In no less than one hundred and twenty-two passages of the New Testament, He is called simply "the Father;" in nineteen, "God the Father;" in other passages, variously: "God our Father," "Our Father," "God, even our Father," "God, even the Father," "Father of Mercies," or merciful Father, "Father of glory," or glorious Father. He is declared in express terms to be "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' While our Lord himself speaks of Him to his disciples as "Your Father which is in heaven," "Thy Father," "Your heavenly Father," "Your Father." After his resurrection he told Mary to say to his disciples, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." Mark here the strength of these expressions, implying that the same Being whom he had taught them to love and obey and worship, and serve as their Father and God, was equally and alike his Father and God. The Father, and the Father only, is the one God. Never in Scripture, not in one solitary instance, does there occur such a phrase as "God the Son"—a phrase so familiar now to multitudes of human ears that its unscripturalness, and in our view its profanity, passes unnoticed.

Hence the constant practice of the Apostles; they worshipped "the Father." Paul says: "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Giving thanks," he exhorts the Ephesians, "always for all things unto God even the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." And writing to the Colossians, he says: "We give thanks to God even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you."

I have sought to show that the dogma of the Trinity is no part of Scripture. The doctrine of the Scriptures, of the Old and New Testament, is the same—"The Lord our God is one Lord." The doctrine of the New Testament, moreover, is: "There is one God, the Father;" no Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, by which the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are each God; equally entitled to the name, equally possessed of the attributes, and to whom alike is due the worship of Deity.

No shadow of pretence for calling it a doctrine of Scripture remains. It cannot be stated in Scripture language. No creed of any age, of any church, has so stated it, for the simple reason that it is impossible. The early Christian Fathers agreed that it was not plainly taught in the New Testament, or by Christ, or by the Apostles, and endeavoured to account therefor. Similar admissions have been made in every age, by Romanist and Protestant alike. The Romish theologians find the stronghold of the Trinity to be tradition. not Scripture—and to this Protestant High Churchmen of our day and of days gone by agree. All attempts at proving it from Scripture by any sect are after all inferential, not direct.

"It is," in the language of one of its most earnest advocates, "rather a doctrine of inference and of indirect intimation than a doctrine of direct and explicit revelation." The "Oxford Tracts" declare it a thing of inference; while Romundus, the Catholic author of the "History of Heresies," warns Trinitarian Protestants that they will find themselves powerless in argument with their Arian opponents if they rely on the Scriptures and do not cling to tradition and the consent of the Church as the only anchor of safety: and Prof. Newman, converted to Romanism in our own day, declares that the doctrine in question has "never been learned merely from Scripture."

The history of the doctrine of the Trinity strengthens the conclusion that it is wholly unscriptural. It took from the time of the Council of Nice, A.D. 325, to the Council of Lateran, A.D. 1215, to bring the doctrine into the complete form of the modern Trinity. Previous to the Council of Nice the faith of the primitive Church is probably best embodied in that most ancient form of the oldest Christian Creed extant, found in common use from the middle of the second, when it first appears, to the Council of Nice in the early part of the fourth century, and called "The Apostles' Creed," as being, as Bunsen says, "an epitome of the leading facts of the Gospel as to the Father, Son, and Spirit." "It has no value," he adds, "but its faithfulness, and no authority but that of its origin. Still the point round which these epitomised elements have crystallised is that which constitutes the whole doctrinal consciousness of the ancient Church, the belief in the Father, the Son, and the Spirit." Our readers may be glad, if they have not seen it before, to see it in its original simplicity, and, comparing it with its most modern form, as it appears in the Episcopal "Book of Common Prayer," and keeping in mind how near in its earliest known historic use it touches the time of the Apostles themselves, to note how completely free it at first was, and despite every addition ventured to it since, it still is of the remotest trace of the doctrine of a Tri-Personal God—how perfectly, yet how alone consistent with the simple, unadulterate, Scriptural faith of one God the Father:

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was by the Holy Ghost born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven; sitteth at the right hand of the Father; from thence he shall come to judge the living and the dead.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the forgiveness of sins, and the Resurrection of the body."

A WILD FLOWER.

A BOLD Frenchman, while hunting in the Alps for the mountain goat, fell over a precipice upon a ledge, at the back of which was a cave. How to get away he knew not. A day and night passed and he was still a prisoner, expecting to be starved to death. But just as his heart began to fail he saw a tiny tuft of the *blue fringed gentian.*

That little flower saved his life! How? He knew that the wind must have borne the seed from a distance, and that God's sun and rain must have made it grow. This thought made his heart swell, and he said: "God has cared for that little wild flower, which grows where no one can see it but himself. Shall he not care for me also?"

Filled with this thought he grew happy, and began singing a song. His voice was heard by some shepherds on the mountain top.

They shouted. He answered. Guided by his voice, they lowered ropes down to his prison house and drew him up. And thus, you see, his life was saved by the little blue-fringed gentian—one of the slender wild flowers which you may find in the woods.

TRIED AND NOT FOUND WANTING.

The hour-hand of Philip Acre's old-fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight—the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and cracked behind the red-hot bars of the little grate, in a most cozy and comfortable sort of a way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the brightly burning coals. For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascinations of a day-dream.

"If I were only rich!" he pondered to himself. "Ah, if! Then good-bye to all these musty old law-books; good-bye to mended boots and turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage. Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious paintings, and high-stepping horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like links of fire upon her royal throat! Wouldn't I—what nonsense I'm talking, though!" he cried suddenly to himself. "Phil Acre, hold your tongue. I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense. Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law-student; while Edith Wyllis is as far-above your moon-struck aspirations as the queen of night herself! "She loves me, though—she will wait—and the time may one day come. If only Dr. Wyllis were not so distrustful of a fellow. However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Hallo! come in there, whoever you are!"

It was only the serving-maid of the lodging-house, carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

"Please, sir, the postman has just left it."

"All right, Katy. Now, then," he added, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, "let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic."

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured, rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself, as if to insure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide awake, and in my right mind; it is no delusion—no part of my waking visions. But who would ever suppose that old Thomas Mortimer, whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money? Why, I'm not the shadow of a relation; but then I never heard that the old man had any kith or kin, so that I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak. Rich—am I really to be rich? Is my Aladdin vision to be an actual fact? Oh, Edith, Edith!"

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the lovely far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him at last by the magnet gold. All those years of patient waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now.

How full of heart-sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smile—made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love. There was also one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Dr. Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law. Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial.

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, and the soft lights veiled by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Wyllis' drawing-room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotrope, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet eyes, a blue-veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls, of that pale gold that old painters love to portray.

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely," she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. "Philip is going to take me there when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest place a poet's fancy can devise,

with fountains and shrubberies, and delicious copses. Oh, shall we not be happy there ?"

She started up, with a bright, sudden blush ; for even while the words were trembling on her lips Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withall. Mrs. Wyllis, with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

"And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely."

"Philip, for what reason ?"

"To enable me, by diligent labour at my profession, to realise sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought—"

"You thought me the heir of Thomas Mortimer's wealth ? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learnt to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although, my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Thomas Mortimer. Of course I shall transfer the property to her immediately."

"But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours."

"Legally, it has ; but, Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honour to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak at this woman's expense ? I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honour as a Christian gentleman !"

"You have done right, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she ? What is her name ?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions, and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out ; and then, darling—"

His lips quivered a moment—yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence, "Then I will begin the battle of life over again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial.

"Hem !" said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterially, with a silk crimson pocket handkerchief ; "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honourable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before—"

"Papa !"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again ?"

"This evening," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever ! And as for the law practising—why, there's time enough for that afterwards."

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried—and *not* found wanting !" he muttered indistinctly.

* * * * * *

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away ; the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and travelling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre were driving along a country road, in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

"Hallo ! which way is Thomas going ?" said Philip, leaning forward from the window, as the carriage turned out of the main road.

"I told him the direction to take, Phil !" said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once. We are going to our new home."

"Are we ?" said Phil, with a comical grimace. "It's to be love in a cottage, I suppose ?"

"Wait until you see, sir !" said Mrs. Acre, pursing her little rosebud mouth. And Philip waited duteously.

"Where are we ?" he asked, in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico, which

seemed to be not unfamiliar to him. "Surely, this is Mortimer Place ?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was!" said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in, my boy—come Edith. Well how do you like your new home ?"

"Our new home ?" repeated Philip. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Thomas Mortimer, although she never knew it till this morning Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along ; but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre! And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound!"

Philip Acre's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife standing beside him, when the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of the darkness had come light!

THOUGHTS ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

A CRUEL father, in his ire,
He seized his infant by the hand,
And plung'd it in the blazing fire,
And charr'd and burnt it like a brand !

If I could tell what pain it felt
No human eyelid would be dry ;
The hardest heart, like ice, would melt,
Who once had heard its plaintive cry.

Its anguish lasted but a while,
Death gently closed its weeping eyes ;
And pitying angels, with a smile,
Received its spirit in the skies.

And mothers wept, and were appall'd,
Who heard the deed related ;
And fathers, in their anger, called
The man, "a wretch they hated."

Throughout the land there went a wail
Of public execration ;
They plunged the monster in a sail,
And banish'd him the nation.

To burn ! the thought appals the brain,
The fire one instant rages !
But what is that compared to pain
Which lasts for endless ages ?

Has man more feeling than the God
Who made his feeling heart ? or could
The animated, fragile clod
Be better than the Source of good ?

Am I more sympathetic than
He who made that sympathetic thread
Which vibrates through the soul of man
At every tale of woe and dread ?

Yet we are taught by human creeds,
In words of priests' invention,
That God 's more cruel in his deeds
Than man could ever mention !

They teach that He's a God of ire,
That unredeemed souls can never
Feel ease in hell's eternal fire,
Which lasts for ever and for ever !

The flames of hell for ever rage,
The wicked's torments never cease ;
Millions of years roll age by age,
Yet bring to them no hoped release !

Nature revolts at such a scheme
Of horrid cruelty refined ;
'Tis but a madman's favour'd dream,
The figment of a bigot's mind !

The good, who live with Jesus dear,
Can they in happy peace repose ?
Or do they ever shed a tear,
Over their friends' eternal woes ?

Who teaches that our God could do
What would appal the pious Quaker,
Has framed a creed which can't be true :
Man can't be better than his Maker !

They libel God, who loveth well,
And they blaspheme His holy name
Who preach of an eternal hell,
An unextinguishable flame !

Our kind, good God, He hateth sin,
He doth not hate the sinner ;
We see God's disposition in
His son, the great soul winner !

No, God is love, He is not cruel,
He is all mercy, and not ire ;
The sinner's conscience is the fuel
Which doth alone supply hell fire !

When trembling saints your fears dispel
In rapture cast your eyes above,
For Christ hath quench'd the flames of hell:
He taught our Father is *all love !*

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
I could never, never love you,
My knee to Thee I ne'er could bend
If horrid tales like these were true.

Thy gospel fills me full of rapture,
Thy chosen symbol is the dove,
And Christ hath taught in every chapter
Thou art a God of boundless love !

Upton St. Leonards. H. Y. J. TAYLOR.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A MILD WAY OF PUTTING IT.—A fashionable clergyman in Chicago warns the sinners of his congregation that if they don't repent they will go to the "place of eternal uneasiness."

DIFFICULT TO CONVERT.—One of our bravest preachers says:—"I have great hope of a wicked man; slender hope of a mean one. A wicked man may be converted and become a pre-eminent saint. A mean man ought to be converted six or seven times, one right after the other, to give him a fair start and put him on an equality with a bold, wicked man!"

NOT AN ANGEL.—In old times a good woman was accustomed to entertain the ministers preaching in that place. One day a minister called at her door expecting to be provided for. The woman hesitated and seemed disposed not to take him in. Said the minister, "You must remember the Scripture, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'" "You need not say that," was the reply, "for no angel would ever come to me with a quid of tobacco in his mouth!"

A CURIOUS LITERARY DISCOVERY.—On tearing down a portion of an old religious edifice at Wilscot, in Oxfordshire, the workmen came upon an oratory hidden in the thickness of the walls, and covered by the panelling of the adjacent room. It contained a small library of the earliest Protestant theology of the time of the Reformation, concealed, perhaps, during the reign of Bloody Mary, when the possession of such books would doom the owner to fire and faggot. Among other works are some of John Knox's writings, and a complete copy of the first English, or Coverdale's translation of the Bible.

ASTONISHING CONFIRMATION OF SCRIPTURE.—It is stated that recent discoveries in Egypt have brought to light that it was a part of the Egyptian religion not to write or speak of any evil that befell their kings. There are monuments found to every Pharaoh save the one who perished in the Red Sea! Concerning him, two stones have been found narrating many of his exploits, but each ends with "and——," a long black line succeeding. Every other of the Pharaohs we find was succeeded by his eldest son, according to the law of Egypt; but of this Pharaoh it is expressly said that he was succeeded by his second son; while no account whatever remains of the first son.

BEAUTIFUL FEET.—"What ugly feet!" said a little girl, pointing from a window to another girl about her own age that was passing. To her surprise, her mother answered, "I think Caroline has the most beautiful feet of any girl in the village." "Why mother! Just look at them!" she replied. Then her mother said:

'Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe
Through summer's heat and winter's snow.'

Now Caroline's feet are always carrying her on errands of mercy—sometimes to read to blind Peggy, sometimes to amuse poor lame Eddy West, and sometimes to hunt up new Sunday-school scholars among neglected children. I think her feet must be beautiful, for the Bible says, 'How beautiful among the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!'

LEGEND OF THE ASS.—The legends respecting the ass are as quaint as they are innumerable. According to an old rabbinical legend, no being could enter the ark unless Noah tendered a special invitation. When the flood overwhelmed the world, the devil, who was at the time wandering on the earth, saw that he was about to be cut off from contact with mankind, and that his dominion would be lost for ever. The ark being completed and the beasts being called to enter it in their proper order, the ass's turn came in due course. Sadly enough for us humans, the ass was taken with a fit of obstinacy, and refused to enter the vessel according to orders. Noah finally lost patience, and struck the animal sharply, crying at the same time to the headstrong beast: "Enter, thou devil." Rash and fateful words. The invitation was, of course, at once accepted—the devil entered the ark. We may be sure he gave the patriarch and his family some trouble during the voyage, and was on hand to begin operations again on dry land as soon as the disembarkment should take place.

VICARIOUS PUNISHMENT.—Dr. Russell tells the *Times* newspaper of this bit of Egyptian human nature which he saw displayed in a Cairo street: "Two men had a dispute over some matter of sale, and from words one of them, the larger and stronger, resorted to a sounding box on the eye of his antagonist. The latter put his hand to his face, looked round with one glaring orb at the crowd which had been collected by the controversy, and singling out a laughing donkey boy, administered to him a tremendous cuff on the side of the head. A few yards away there sat a child of eight or nine years of age against the wall of a house innocently sucking a piece of sugar cane. The donkey boy at once charged him, and kicked him in the ribs. The little fellow looking up, uttered a cry of rage; and seizing a large paving stone which lay close at hand, flung it—at the donkey boy? Oh certainly not; but at a poor street dog which lay asleep at hand. The dog immediately went off howling and no doubt bit a smaller puppy to ease its mind; and what revenge the puppy took is beyond my knowledge, but no doubt he did something vindictive in his turn."

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